MARVEL
PSR 52

EXILES

Parallel universes. Alternate realities. Some are like the world we know, others completely different. And a few especially tragic realities are damaged, twisted and downright dangerous. That's where you'll find the EXILES—a team of mutants who repair the broken links in the chains of time, restoring the cosmic balance.

PREVIOUSLY EXILES

Plucked from their own separate realities by an entity called the TIMEBROKER, these six heroes travel from one flawed version of Earth to the next, setting things right and working toward the day when their job will be complete and they can return to their former lives.

Their guide on this dimension-hopping quest is a mysterious bracelet talisman known as the "TALLUS." But the missions the Tallus instructs them to carry out often call for difficult decisions to be made...decisions which sometimes threaten to destroy the Exiles' very own identities.

During a mission to the "prime" reality, the Exiles bid farewell to founding member NOCTURNE and pick up two new teammates—the birdlike BEAK and the haughty Queen of Atlantis, NAMORA.

Following that adventure, the Exiles teleport to a reality turned topsy-turvy by THE IMPOSSIBLE MAN, and through the power of laughter, are able to save the day.

In the next reality, the Exiles, for the first time, are expected. THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUTANTS, with the help of DYSTANY, foresee the coming of the Exiles and plan an ambush. They succeed in kidnapping Blink and the shape-shifting MYSTIQUE takes her place. Mystique tells the Exiles that their mission is to free the remaining Brotherhood members and lastly, "The Big M".

Eventually The Big M is revealed to be this reality's MIMIC, and the Exiles and Brotherhood attempt to break him out of prison. The two Mimics come face-to-face, and when the evil Mimic sees that the good Mimic didn't lead a charmed life as he assumed he would, he is stunned. Faced with this knowledge, the evil Mimic changes his ways and now dedicates his life to helping all people.

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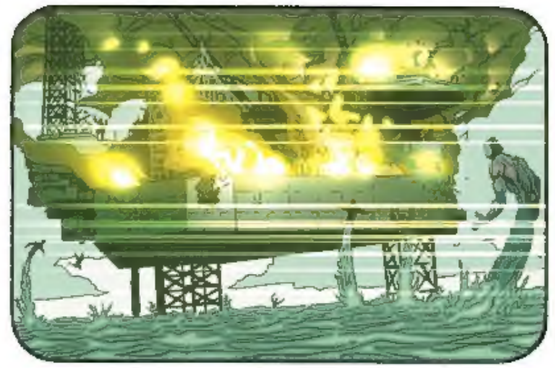
IT'S TIME WE *FACED FACTS*, PEOPLE--OUR OWN PLANET IS TRYING TO *KILL US!*

COME AGAIN, CAP? EXACTLY *HOW* CAN YOU BLAME GOOD OL' *TERRA FIRMA* FOR THESE LATEST ATTACKS?

THINK ABOUT IT, HAWKEYE. THESE HEXAGON-HEADED *GOONS* SUDDENLY START APPEARING ALL OVER THE GLOBE...

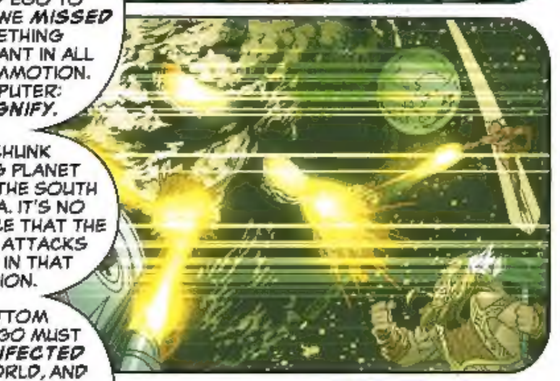
...TARGETING *ONLY* SITES INVOLVED WITH OIL PRODUCTION, LOGGING, STRIP-MINING--BASICALLY *ANYTHING* ENVIRONMENTALLY *UN*FRIENDLY...

...AND EYEWITNESSES SAW THEM FORM RIGHT OUT OF ROCK, WIND, AND WATER! SOUND *FAMILIAR*, ANYONE?



OF COURSE IT DOES. SIX MONTHS AGO, WHEN *EGO, THE LIVING PLANET* ATTACKED EARTH, HIS SO-CALLED *ANTIBODIES* WERE ALMOST IDENTICAL TO THE CREATURES WE NOW FACE.

WHEN THE FANTASTIC FOUR AND OUR COSMIC ALLIES FORCED EGO TO RETREAT, WE *MISSED* SOMETHING SIGNIFICANT IN ALL THE COMMOTION. COMPUTER: *MAGNIFY.*



THIS CHUNK OF LIVING PLANET FELL INTO THE SOUTH CHINA SEA. IT'S NO COINCIDENCE THAT THE CURRENT ATTACKS *BEGAN* IN THAT REGION.

BOTTOM LINE--EGO MUST HAVE *INFECTED* OUR WORLD, AND NOW EARTH IS DEVELOPING A MIND OF ITS *OWN.* MAYBE IT'S HOW EGO'S KIND *REPRODUCES.*

AS FOR *US?* WE'RE THE *FLEAS,* AND THE EARTH FEELS A POWERFUL URGE TO *SCRATCH.*

THE SON OF ODIN IS NO MERE *INSECT,* CAPTAIN AMERICA. HOW DOST THOU PROPOSE TO COMBAT *MIDGARD* ITSELF?

I DON'T KNOW, THOR. I WOULD HAVE CALLED IN REED RICHARDS, BUT THE FANTASTIC FOUR HAS GONE *MISSING...*

...SO I ASKED FOR HELP FROM THE ONLY OTHER MAN ON EARTH WHO'S AS *SMART* AS MISTER FANTASTIC.

=SIGH=...PLEASE WELCOME OUR NEW TECHNICAL ADVISOR, THE RULER OF LATVERIA...*VICTOR VON DOOM.*

STAND DOWN, AVENGERS. DOOM COMES IN ***PEACE*** THIS DAY.

I'VE AS MUCH TO LOSE AS ***ANY*** OF YOU, SO LET THERE BE A ***TRUCE*** BETWEEN US... FOR UNLESS WE POOL OUR EFFORTS, ***ALL*** WILL BE LOST.

BUT IF YOU FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS ***EXACTLY,*** WE SHALL ***SUCCEED*** WHERE RICHARDS AND HIS CURSED CLAN HAVE ***FAILED...***

HAVOC

PART ONE OF TWO

"...WE SHALL *HALT* THIS GLOBAL METAMORPHOSIS AND PREVENT MOTHER EARTH FROM *DEVOURING* HER YOUNG LIKE THE TITANS OF MYTH."

PLEASANT HILLS NUCLEAR REACTOR VISITORS PROCEED TO SECURITY OFFICE

WOOOOP

WELL, WE DIDN'T HAVE TO LOOK FAR TO FIND TROUBLE *THIS* TIME!

GET THE *CIVILIANS* OUT OF HARM'S WAY! WE'LL SORT OUT WHAT HAPPENED HERE *LATER!*

-NNF-... *BEWARE...* -HNH-...THEY ARE *STRONG--!*

COME ON, NAMORA, THEY'RE MADE OF *DIRT!* HOW STRONG CAN THEY *BE?*

SKRUSH

UH-OH... NOW WE HAVE DONE IT...

DONE WHAT, BEAK?

=ULP=...GOT THEIR ATTENTION!

ANY CHANCE WE COULD REASON WITH THEM...?

I DOUBT IT, BEAK. THEY DON'T SPEAK, OR COMMUNICATE... THEY'RE JUST MINDLESS DRONES.

IN FACT, SEEING WHAT THEY'RE MADE OUT OF, I DON'T EVEN THINK THEY'RE TRULY ALIVE.

YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT ABOUT THAT, CAL...

...'CAUSE I'VE GOTTEN TO *LIKE* YOUR "NO KILLING" RULE!

HEY, BLOCKHEADS!

HAVE A NICE *TRIP!*

DON'T FORGET--

--TO *WRITE!*

I DID NOT KNOW BLINK COULD *MOVE* LIKE THAT...

REMARKABLE.

THAT'S MY GIRL...

ONE QUESTION, CLARICE--*WHERE* DID YOU BLINK THOSE THINGS *TO?*

I MEAN, WON'T THEY JUST MENACE *OTHER* PEOPLE WHERE THEY WENT?

NOT LIKELY, CAL...

"...NOT VERY LIKELY *AT ALL.*"

I DON'T KNOW *WHO* YOU PEOPLE ARE, BUT THANK THE HEAVENS YOU SHOWED UP WHEN YOU DID!

WE'RE GLAD WE COULD *HELP*, MISTER...?

BRASINGTON. KIRK BRASINGTON. I'M ***PLANT MANAGER*** HERE AT PLEASANT HILLS.

SAY, uh... DON'T ***TAKE*** THIS THE WRONG WAY, BUT...WHY ***DID*** YOU FOLKS SHOW UP JUST NOW?

HOW ABOUT IT, BLINK? WHAT DOES THE ***TALLUS*** SAY?

...

WELL... I GOT THE LATEST MISSION, BUT...

...I'D RATHER NOT REPEAT IT IN, uh, ***MIXED COMPANY.***

HOOO-KAY...

I'M SORRY, MR. BRASINGTON. WE SORT OF OPERATE IN A ***SECRET*** CAPACITY...YOU KNOW, FOR THE SAKE OF ***NATIONAL SECURITY?***

A ***FEDERAL*** SUPER-TEAM? ***BLACK OPS***...THAT SORT OF THING...?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I'M SURE YOU CAN APPRECIATE WHY I ***CAN'T*** TELL YOU ***MUCH MORE.***

OF COURSE!

THERE'S COFFEE AND PLENTY TO EAT, ASSUMING ONE OF THOSE "BLOCKHEAD" THINGS DIDN'T *TRASH* IT ALL.

NOT MUCH OF A "THANK YOU" FOR SAVING OUR *LIVES*, BUT--

IT'S *FINE*, MISTER. I CAN'T *TELL* YOU THE LAST TIME I HAD A DECENT CUP OF *COFFEE!*

SO WHAT *WERE* THOSE MONSTERS, ANYWAY?

I WAS HOPING *YOU* KNEW.

BUT I GUESS IF THE *FANTASTIC FOUR* CAME UP SHORT AGAINST THEM, THEN MAYBE THERE'S NO HOPE AFTER ALL.

AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FANTASTIC FOUR?

WHAT *HAPPENED...?* Um, WHERE HAVE YOU GUYS *BEEN?!*

THAT'S *CLASSIFIED*, SIR. JUST TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW, PLEASE.

OKAY...

...AS I UNDERSTAND IT, WHEN THE ATTACKS STARTED UP ABOUT A MONTH AGO, THE F.F. THOUGHT THEY COULD *SOLVE* THE PROBLEM.

FOR SOME REASON THEY NEVER EXPLAINED, THE SOLUTION INVOLVED THEM GOING *UNDERGROUND*, LIKE, TO THE *EARTH'S CORE* OR SOMETHING.

THEY WENT DOWN THE TUNNELS THAT **MOLE MAN** GUY USED TO LIVE IN, AND THEY HAVEN'T BEEN SEEN **SINCE.**

IT'S BEEN ALL OVER THE **NEWS**-- THEY PRACTICALLY DON'T TALK ABOUT ANYTHING **ELSE.**

KLIK

--HERE AT THE SITE WHERE THE FANTASTIC FOUR WERE LAST SEEN, AN EXTRAORDINARY **SECOND** ATTEMPT IS BEING MADE BY AN UNPRECEDENTED **ALLIANCE...**

...BETWEEN THE MIGHTY **AVENGERS** AND THE EVER-CONTROVERSIAL **DOCTOR DOOM.**

SO THAT'S WHAT THE TALLUS MEANT.

WHAT, CLARICE? WHAT DID IT **SAY?**

"IT SAID: STOP THE **AVENGERS** AND **DOCTOR DOOM.**"

ALL RIGHT, DOOM, WE'VE SHOWN A LOT OF *TRUST* IN YOU SO FAR... BUT LIKE REAGAN SAID TO GORBY, WE NEED TO "TRUST, BUT *VERIFY.*"

SPARE ME THE INSIPID AMERICANISMS AND SIMPLY SAY WHAT YOU *MEAN.*

I *MEAN* THAT WE'RE NOT GOING A STEP FURTHER WITH THIS PLAN UNTIL YOU EXPLAIN EXACTLY WHAT YOUR GIZMO *DOES.*

I AM DISAPPOINTED THAT YOU HAVEN'T *DEDUCED* IT BY NOW, CAPTAIN. THE *PROBLEM* IS THAT OUR PLANET IS BECOMING *SELF-AWARE.*

MY *METAKIRLIAN IMPLODER* WILL DESTROY THE BURGEONING INTELLIGENCE WITHIN THE WORLD BEFORE IT HAS A CHANCE TO RID ITSELF OF *US.*

IRON MAN?

VOICE SCAN SAYS HE'S SPEAKING THE *TRUTH*...BUT HE MIGHT'VE CALIBRATED HIS OWN ARMOR TO *MODULATE* HIS SPEECH.

CAP, DOESN'T GIVING THE EARTH A *LOBOTOMY* SORT OF RUB YOU THE WRONG WAY?

...

YEAH IT DOES.

SURELY, DOOM, THERE HAS TO BE A BETTER WAY.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR A WEAK STOMACH, CAPTAIN. WHILE WE STAND HERE ARGUING, THE HUMAN RACE WILL BE EXTERMINATED.

BLOOOM

SOMEONE INVITE COMPANY?

IF THIS BE SOME STRATAGEM OF THINE, DOOM...

THESE BEINGS ARE UNKNOWN TO ME, ASGARDIAN.

SORRY TO ALARM YOU FOLKS. WE DIDN'T COME TO MAKE TROUBLE.

WE'RE THE EXILES, AND WE'RE HERE TO HELP!

POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS

LOOK, WE APPRECIATE THE *GESTURE*, PEOPLE, BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR A *ROOKIE SUPER-TEAM* TO STEP IN.

WE'RE *NOT* ROOKIES.

I'VE NEVER *HEARD* OF YOU. THEREFORE YOU'RE *GREEN*. THEREFORE YOU NEED TO MOVE *OUTSIDE* THE BARRICADE AND LET *US* DO OUR JOB.

NOW *LISTEN HERE*, YOU INSOLENT--

NOT NOW, NAMORA!

SIR, WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU WILL BE *DIFFICULT* TO SWALLOW, BUT I *SWEAR* TO YOU IT'S *TRUE*...

...WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO DO WILL PROBABLY *END* THE LIFE OF EVERY SINGLE PERSON ON EARTH!

EVERYONE'S LIFE IS *ALREADY* IN PERIL, MISS. WE CAN'T JUST SIT HERE AND DO *NOTHING*.

WHAT DO *YOU* KNOW ABOUT OUR MISSION THAT WE *DON'T*?

HAVE YOU BEEN SPYING ON DOOM, OR DO YOU JUST HAVE A *CRYSTAL BALL* STASHED SOMEWHERE?

SORT OF. THIS THING ON MY ARM IS CALLED THE *TALLUS*. IT *WARNS* US WHEN THE TIMELINE IS DAMAGED, AND IT TELLS US HOW TO *FIX* IT.

DAMAGED *TIMELINE...?!* BAD ENOUGH THAT A *CHILD* SHOULD QUESTION THE WISDOM OF *DOOM*, BUT TO STAND AROUND LISTENING TO THIS *CLAPTRAP--!*

TEK

WITH EACH PASSING *SECOND*, OUR PLANET'S CONSCIOUSNESS *AWAKENS!*

PREVARICATE ALL YOU *WANT*...

...*DOOM* SHALL ACT *ALONE*, IF NECESS--

I KILLED YOU *ONCE*, I CAN DO IT *AGAIN!*

WHAT'S SHE TALKING ABOUT?

OH, NO... THIS IS NOT HAPPENING...

MOVE ASIDE, WOMAN, OR YOU'VE BREATHED YOUR LAST!

SORRY, DOC...

...BUT WE CAN'T LET YOU DO IT!

BLAMM

IDIOTS! YOU'VE KILLED US ALL!

I'LL CRACK YOU OPEN LIKE A LOBSTER!

SPANG

JUST KEEP HIM AWAY FROM THAT HOLE, NAMORA!

DON'T MAKE ME HURT YOU, SIR!

EEE-YUCH! THAT'S NOT BUG-SPRAY! Shakk

TRUE. I THINK IT STARTED OUT AS A FROZEN BURRITO...

AW, THIS JUST GETS WORSE AND WORSE!

AVENGERS, BEWARE! FOUL GROUNDLINGS JOIN THE BATTLE!

-UNH-

HELLLLP!

÷Whung÷

WE HAVE TO RETREAT!

CURSE YOU ALL! YOUR SPINELESS FOOT-DRAGGING HAS COST US EVERY-THING!

EXILES! GET READY TO RABBIT!

BLAM

BLAM

WHAT IN THE--?

COME ON, CLARICE! SNIFF! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!

I...

LOOK HOW THEY'RE WAVING, HEATHER! I THINK IT MIGHT BE OKAY...

...I THINK WE'RE BEING INVITED.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S DOWN THERE!

GO AHEAD! DESTROY YOURSELF!

BUT FIRST GIVE ME BACK MY IMPLODER!

PLEASE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO DIE IN VAIN!

I DON'T PLAN ON DYING AT ALL!

'LEAST, NOT TODAY...

SEE? THEY *WEREN'T* TRYING TO HURT US.

I THINK THEY WANT US TO GO ON *AHEAD*.

I CAN'T SEE A *THING!*

I *CAN*. MY EYES ARE ACCUSTOMED TO THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

JUST STAY *TOGETHER*.

...SO... HOT...

SOMETHING UP AHEAD.

WOW...CAN YOU *FEEL* IT? HALF-FORMED THOUGHTS, RAW EMOTIONS, PRACTICALLY *RADIATING* FROM IT...!

SEE THAT LITTLE *SHELTER* STUCK ON MOTHER EARTH'S GRAY MATTER? LOOKS LIKE IT *USED* TO BE THE FANTASTICAR...

HELLOOO!

SUSAN RICHARDS AND JOHNNY STORM!

HELLO! EVERYBODY TOPSIDE THINKS YOU'RE *DEAD!*

COULDN'T BE HELPED. WE'VE HAD TO *STAY* DOWN HERE EVER SINCE WE ARRIVED. YOU'LL SEE *WHY* IN A MOMENT.

BY THE WAY, WE'RE--

THE *EXILES*, YES. REED WAS *LISTENING IN* WHEN YOU SPOKE TO THE AVENGERS UP THERE.

FROM DOWN HERE? *HOW?*

I'LL LET HIM TELL YOU *HIMSELF*. THE REST OF YOU WAIT OUTSIDE-- IT'S A TIGHT SQUEEZE IN THERE.

THANK YOU FOR STOPPING DOOM'S MACHINE UP THERE, YOUNG LADY.

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH *DAMAGE* WE WOULD HAVE CAUSED IF WE'D BEEN FORCED TO FIGHT HIM DOWN *HERE*.

ARE YOU *OKAY*, DOCTOR RICHARDS...?

YES. NOT TERRIBLY *MOBILE*, BUT OTHERWISE UNHARMED.

AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE *LINKED* MY MIND TO THE EARTH'S NASCENT BRAIN, IN ORDER TO *GUIDE* IT THROUGH THE PROCESS OF BECOMING SELF-AWARE.

THAT'S HOW I MONITORED YOUR ACTIVITIES ON THE SURFACE.

I'VE EVEN ASSUMED *CONTROL* OF CERTAIN ANTIBODIES, LIKE THE ONES I SENT TO *ESCORT* YOU DOWN HERE.

BUT I STILL HAVE TO *CONVINCE* EARTH NOT TO *EXTERMINATE* HER HUMAN "INFESTATION"...

...AND I AM AFRAID THAT OUR TIME HAS *RUN OUT*.

YOU SEE, I CAN *FEEL* HIM OUT THERE, DRAWING EVER CLOSER AT SUPRA-LIGHT SPEEDS...

...EGO, THE LIVING PLANET, IS *COMING BACK!* AND HIS DEADLIEST *ENEMIES* ARE RIGHT *BEHIND* HIM!

NEXT: **THE CELESTIALS!**